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THE MASSACHUSETTS

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ἔγθα βούλει μὲν γερόντων καὶ νέων ἀνδρῶν ἀμύλλαι
καὶ ποιοὶ καὶ Μοῦσα καὶ Ἀγλαΐα

Conducted

BY THE SENIOR CLASS.

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LITERARY REPRESENTATIVES.

PRIZE ESSAY: BY D. S. GREGONY, N. Y.

THE refiner of gold must know its tests. Equally needs the seeker for truth to be familiar with the principles which have proved the key to success in the researches of the past. With a knowledge of these inductions from experience, he is comparatively free from the liability of falling into fatal errors, of reconstructing the same false hypotheses which have been the laughing-stock of by-gone ages; without it, he may dream over again the dreams of Alchemy, or grow grey over the weird circles of Astrology, and the world be little the wiser for his living. Man must know the past.

In view of this necessity, an eminent writer has well said, "there must always be a reporter of the doings of the miraculous spirit of life which everywhere throbs and works." We cannot but regard his conclusion as legitimate, for such a want in the economy of creation implies the existence of its provision. We may, therefore, infer that every department of activity, in every age, has its representative to transmit to the future the aggregate of its development. The present could not sum up for itself the labors of all time, but, in a few great names and great works, they have been well and wisely summed up for it, so that nothing which could conduce to man's highest interests is lost. The

great productions of an age are thus its representatives, embodying its genius, and presenting in themselves a condensed age for the use of the future.

National life, as embodied in its representatives, presents two different phases, the practical and the speculative or contemplative. The former leaves its record in social, civil and religious institutions, and in great historic changes, the latter is incorporated in a national literature.

It will be readily admitted that material structures often bear the impress,—nay, body forth the various features of the practical life of a people. The Howadji cannot fail to discern the record of Egypt's materialism in the massive grandeur, and the sullen, eternal gloom of the temples of the Nile. Equally evident in the Grecian fane, is a firm trust in the power of man, inwrought with a classic beauty. But in the Gothic pile, material grandeur, and the power displayed in rearing column and shaping arch, are only felt as they lift us from the dust and point us up to "God our Rock."

Leaving the practical feature of the question of Representation with these brief remarks, it is proposed to deal with the contemplative element. For convenience in the further treatment of the subject, *thought and mental power* will be considered as limited and defined by the speculative phase of national life.

The great literary names of any age are the true representatives of its intellectual power. It is evident that the life—the power of the intellect lies in thought. Language is the sensuous form in which thought is embodied, or incarnated. Literature incorporates and, as it were, sums up language in itself. The great names of a nation are the authors of its literature, and therefore the true exponents of its intellectual power.

Language exists for thought, and therefore, by the law of fitness, its capacity must, at any time, be just great enough to express both the simplest and the most profound workings of the thinking power. In the language of any people at any time will be found a true record of their inner life, and of the extent of their development. In view of this truth one has justly pro-

nounced the Greek language, "a more wonderful fact than the Homeric poems or the Aeschylean drama." Much more he might have added with equal truth, for the Greek language has in itself, not only the power incarnate in these productions, but the power and beauty of all its Poetry, Epic, Lyric and Dramatic, besides the deep thoughts of its vast range of Philosophy and History. "There is more in a language than in any of its productions." It is the record of the outworkings of all the elements which go to make up human nature. But the literature of an age embodies its language. It is therefore the sum of its thought—the aggregate of its mental power.

But how do the few great names, who are the authors of a nation's literature, limit the realm of thought during their own age? A knowledge of the sources of truth, and the method of seeking it, will perhaps throw light upon this inquiry. Truth owes not its origin to man. He may talk proudly of *his powers*, *his reason*, but he dares not boast of *his truth*. Thought, he may claim as his own, but truth, the object of thought, never. The concrete, which truth the abstract implies, is not in man the finite, but in the "principle of principles," God, the absolute, the infinite. It has its foundation without man and independent of him, and he must seek it wherever the Infinite has chosen to present it for his investigation. The great "Father of Inductive Science" has compared the knowledge of man to the waters, "some descending from above and some springing from beneath; the one informed by the light of nature, the other inspired by divine revelation." In the one case, truths made known demand our assent, in the other, truths unknown challenge our investigation. Nature, the repository of unknown truth, is therefore the great field for the exercise of thought, in bringing to light that which is hidden. Accordingly, from the earliest times, the world has recognized in man, "the minister and interpreter" of this temple of Deity. In this high capacity he has always wrought. He has found the true and left its record upon the printed page. He has sought the beautiful and reproduced it in works of art. While nature is still the ultimate source of knowledge, books

and art become mediate sources. But knowledge is synonymous with human power. Hence nature, the products of past thought and art are the sources of human power. The great, in common with the masses, look to these sources for truth, but they bring to bear a keener vision, and look longer and more intently. It is not a matter of wonder, then that the attainments of the few should even surpass the result of the combined efforts of the many. The greater comprehends the less. A nation's literature is therefore necessarily the sum of its thoughts, and its great names the true Representatives of its intellectual power.

The theory of Literary Representation, thus evolved from the necessities of man, and the nature and springs of human power, receives additional confirmation from a source which evinces its efficient operation. As we approach the outer bounds of authentic history, we gradually lose the power of distinguishing between real and mythical characters. The mystery of time rests solemnly even upon the real. The nations of antiquity may have graved their lines deeply, but the dust of ages has settled upon them, and we see but the outlines faintly limned. Their mighty ones loom up before us in all the grandeur of their vast proportions; we may feel that they were once *among us*, but we scarcely dare to think they were ever *of us*.

On the borders of this mist-land lived the Maconian bard. Millenniums ago seven cities contended for the honor of giving to the world "the blind poet." Men had even forgotten the time which gave him birth, and it was perhaps well, for he *ought* to belong to every age. But these millenniums which he has slept have settled the place of his birth. Some one has put safe back into his head the eyes which the old blind man so early lost. One has proved that he never knew enough to write his own name, and that had he even possessed the amount of knowledge requisite for such an undertaking, he could have found neither pen, ink, nor paper. Profound scholars have demonstrated, and satisfactorily to themselves, no doubt, that the world never knew any Homer, save the one in whose urn rest the ashes of all the early poets of Greece. We leave it for time to decide, whether

the father of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* shall be hereafter looked upon as pre-eminently *the Greek*, or as an incarnation of the intellectual life of Greece itself. The present will neither consent to part with him, nor to consider him a splendid myth. But does not this same Homer belong on the very confines of the land of mythes? Be this as it may, this at least seems certain, that all agree in regarding him as the representative of the literary phase of Greek power in his own age.

Still further in the realm of tradition, are those mythical personages, who are acknowledged to be but the representatives of periods of national developement, which live only in them. A sort of misty glory, like that of the moony twilight, is around them. So faintly comes to our ears the harmony of the "golden shell" of Orpheus, that none can tell whether it is the music of one great soul, or the choral symphonies of a nation. Men recognize in him, a type of the all-fascinating power of philosophy in its early stages. "Pythagoras is a mere name, which vanishes before every historical enquiry." He was very like Buddha. Perhaps some one will one day prove to us that he *was* Buddha. The present chooses rather to regard this prince of dreamers as being himself the embodiment of the philosophic dreams of a nation, in an age whose tendencies were to superstition. This gradual transition from the real to the fabulous, consummated at some undefined point in a nation's existence, proves that the main features of both are the same. If the great names of a nation were not its true representatives, they could never be confounded with mythic symbols which are acknowledged to be representative in character.

If the great literary productions of an age are the true, and at the same time, complete exponents of its contemplative intellect, we would expect them to be molded by the tendencies, and to partake of the dignity of the times. That national tendencies do in fact exert this molding influence upon literature is clearly seen by a cursory examination of the prominent features in the great cycles of literary history. In the earliest stages of civilization, the treasures of past study, and the gems of art, do not

exist. Tradition alone reflects light from the past. Nature is then necessarily the source of philosophic and poetic inspiration. Men examine facts, and the imagination is tasked to construct hypotheses which shall embrace and bind them together for the future. Time lays a thousand of these hypotheses in the grave of error, and gives to one the rank of theory. Philosophy advances slowly, and ages may be required to bring it to maturity; but imagination, the synthetic faculty which it employs, is likewise the poetic faculty. Philosophy requires its combinations to have their perfect counterpart in nature. The same synthetic power which philosophy develops, poetry employs

"To body forth the forms of things unknown."

Before a people are able to return a true answer to the questions which philosophy proposes, the imagination offers those fanciful solutions which are embodied in mythes, and given to the future. These are essentially poetical in character, and hence poetry is naturally the first literary bequest of a nation to posterity. Such an age created the gods of Greece, and the fairies of Britain. The imaginative tendencies of this early period evidently mold its literature.

Imagination advances in power with philosophy, and the former reaches its culmination when a people give their solution to the great fundamental problems of the latter. As imagination is at once the great philosophic and poetic faculty, theory would assign the greatest names in philosophy and poetry to this age. Using our own literature as a type, it will be easy to show that experience confirms this prediction of theory. Where, in all the ages, shall we find one so prolific in poetry as that one in our literary history, when the imagination of the nation was tasked to the utmost in preparing the only true and complete solution the world has ever given to those first, vexed problems which nature is everywhere and always presenting? While Bacon was maturing that method of philosophy which lies at the foundation of our literary fame, Shakespeare was embodying the same principles in his sublime poetic creations. The latter may

never have heard the principles of the former enunciated, but England was full of them, and they could not but find their way into the English heart of the poet. Nature was the great source whence both drew their material. They are the true representatives of the experimental as well as the imaginative tendencies of their age.

The time came for applying the inductive method in elucidating the mysteries of philosophy. A nation girded itself to grapple successfully with problems which had been too great for all the ages which had gone before. Attention was given to the subjective, as well as the objective; the laws of internal as well as external nature were made the subjects of investigation. At the meridian of this great day of synthetic power, Milton appeared. Hume has said, "when in a happy mood, and employed on a noble subject, he is the most wonderfully sublime of any poet in any language, Homer, Lucretius, and Tasso not excepted." Heaven and earth, and the world, whose *light* is "darkness visible"—all seemed tributary to his muse. But his power is seen, not so much in the vast range whence he drew his material, as in the *structures* he has reared with it. These evince the workings of that grand imagination which characterized his age. We feel in their presence, that none but Milton could have planned and reared them, and that no other time could have given birth to Milton. In Newton, "the greatest and rarest genius that ever arose for the ornament and instruction of his species," was completed the triumph of this age of imagination. An oft-repeated couplet is well nigh the true formula for expressing the result of his labours:

"Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night,
God said let Newton be, and all was light."

In Bacon, Shakespeare, Milton and Newton, the greatest century of English intellectual life is summed up for all coming time. The works of an age are exhausted in their productions, which come to us as the true exponents of the tendencies and dignity of the time.

The age of synthesis passed. The work which had so highly

developed the imagination, was accomplished, at least in its great features, and that faculty ceased to be tasked to its utmost capacity. Inaction resulted in weakness. The time came when men were scarcely able to grasp and understand the generalizations of their fathers. In the age which had passed, the idea of a Divinity had always been kept prominent. In its poetry as well as its philosophy, God was the "principle of principles." Into the "kingdom of nature" man had entered "as a little child" to seek truth. It was no longer so. He had grown weaker and prouder. In his own estimation, he had come to occupy the first place in all the universe. We look in vain for works evincing the presence of a lofty imagination. It was not the day for great theories and poetical creations. The time of creation was past, and literature must evince this sad truth. No longer able to act the true philosopher, and interpret nature, man aped the metaphysician, and applied false principles to test those interpretations which others had given, and which were based upon experience. In place of the great poems of the former period, were shallow criticisms, or poems which savor rather of memory than of imagination.

These tendencies, and the comparative power of the two ages are clearly seen in their products in any single department. The poetry of Pope has a fit symbol in gathered diamond dust;—the aggregating power, the life of the crystal is wanting. Shakespeare, the great magician, subjects the same dust to the action of his mighty mental crucible, and it comes forth beautifully crystalline. The one has compiled, the other molded his materials. The one leaves this dust mingled with earth, for the winds of time to blow hither and thither; the other gives us the purest of gems, for diamond alone enters into the composition of the crystal diamond. The poetry of the one is a possession for all time; that of the other, made the passport to the favor of kings and nobles, had no aim but self aggrandizement. It was but the unfolding of the ethics of interest, and therefore false to humanity and to God. Infinitely beneath the lawless, but noble-hearted "Will," were the courtly follies of the age of Pope. What cared

he for the smiles of kings, who had always sported with them as his toys? Infinitely beneath the age in which he lived, were the would-be philosophical productions, which, with the same ease, could flatter a wealthy patron, or apotheosize an infidel friend. In poetic literature each must be acknowledged the true exponent of the tendencies of his age. The one belonged to a period of production, the other to a time which could perhaps criticise better than produce, while it could do neither well.

We have attempted to present some of the evidences, intrinsic and extrinsic, of the truth of the theory of Literary Representation. Its foundation is laid deep in the necessities of man,^r and in the nature and sources of truth. The agency of its principles is evinced in the tendency, in early periods of history, to confound the real and the mythical. It is seen, moreover, in the correspondence between an age and its literature, in their dignity and bearings. Regarding literature as a spontaneous product of the mind, a national literature cannot but be the veritable transcript of the contemplative phase of national existence. In virtue of the practical workings of this theory, the Past, embodied in literature, lives in the Present, as Past and Present alike will live in the on-coming Future.

A REMINISCENCE.

"Some love to ride on the Ocean's tide
There are charms in the deep blue Sea;
But give me a place in the stirring chase,
And the life of a Hunter for me."

HUNTING SONG.

On a fine morning in October several years ago, a party of gentlemen might have been seen setting off in a couple of "Row-boats" from a small sea-port town in Carolina. From the cost-

umes of the gentlemen and the gun-cases on board, one might have inferred not unwarrantably, that the party were embarked on a sporting expedition.

Every one familiar with the outlines of the sea-board of Carolina remembers a small group of islands near the mouth of the Edisto River, commonly known as the "Hunting Islands." Reserved intact in their primitive wildness, these are the *insulæ fortunatæ* of the sporting gentry of the neighbourhood—of those at least who boast the acquaintance of the wealthy proprietors. For the largest—Edding's Island—the party I* have described were bound. Well do I remember the occasion. It was the last opportunity of enjoying my favorite sport that I was to have for many years to come." "*Carpe Diem*," therefore, I resolved should be my motto during the visit; and I exemplified it nobly. The smooth, bright blue water, the gentle breeze assisting the sturdy arms of our sable rowers in forcing a passage through the deep, the object of the expedition,—a deer-hunt—and the cheerful, if not melodious voices of the negroes, all contributed to raise our spirits, far above their usual level. Many a rough, but good-natured jest was bandied during our passage, and many an anecdote related of adventures by flood and field.

The boat in which I was embarked happening to be the faster, we were frequently obliged to wait for our tardy consort. These and other stoppages so delayed our course, that not until late in the afternoon did we reach our destination. The Palmetto huts erected the year previous we found in good condition. Leaving our sable companions to repair all damages, we, the white portion of the party, after a few potations of a very salutary beverage then—and, for all I know to the contrary, now much in vogue, strolled along on the beach to determine the order of the next day's hunt.

We supped gloriously that night. Pampered epicures may rave of the charms of *Pate de foie gras* and other French dainties; but let me sup under a rude hut on broiled teal, boiled sheep's head, yams and that much abused rice (all, mind you, prepared

*Permit me, good reader, to discard the auctorial *we*.

by a negro); and those who have made the experiment will subscribe to the writer's taste. An Havana and a "night-cap," made us sleep deeply. Not one of the party rubbed his eyes, until "the Doctor"—our *chef de chasse*—aroused us with

—"his hunting horn

And high tally-ho! in the morning."

After a hasty and light breakfast, we unpacked, flashed and loaded our guns. "The Doctor" with his superb Manton excited the envious admiration of all around. And truly it was a magnificent weapon! so beautifully poised, that I was at no loss to account for the owner's unvarying success. The day was just such as we wished; cool, frosty and bracing, with "a dull sky and a southern breeze." The dogs—sent down by another boat several days before—were fresh and clamorous for the sport. The deer being very abundant, we had brought down no horses; and so, much to the discontent of a fat red-faced gentleman from Charleston, we were obliged to foot it.

"Mind Jim," said "the Doctor," to one of the darkies, as we walked off, "mind let none of those dogs loose till you hear my horn, or—you know what!"

"Bery well, Massa."

But before the reader can understand our mode of operations, I must enter briefly into the topography of the Island. High conical sand-hills, or mounds rather, shelving down to a broad open beach, shut in the Island from the sea; while the interior rejoiced in a wood of pine, oak and other trees, with a thick growth of underbrush consisting for the most part of the fragrant sea-myrtle. Every here and there wild pea-vines rendered the forest impassable for man or beast. The deer when started from their lurking places, are accustomed to make for the open beach, and thence, either to return to the woods by some devious path, or to swim to the nearest islands and "hammocks." The summits of the sand-mounds, therefore, are usually selected as the best "Stands," (for know, kind reader, that the method of hunting, generally called "driving," is exclusively practised in Carolina). From these summits the sportsman can see his game at

long distances. And the hills being situated at intervals of a furlong, or thereabouts, the poor deer is not unfrequently compelled to run the gauntlet of a miniature battery.

Posted on one of these hills, I carefully looked to my Westley Richards, and felt myself ready for deer or devil. Within five minutes after the signal for the "drive" to commence, the dogs opened, and I heard "the Doctor," who was my neighbour on the left, shout, "Mind Willie, mind!" Though trained up to the hunt from my earliest boyhood, I well remember how my blood warmed and danced as I heard each well known hound giving tongue. The game started, however, was not destined to be my victim; he was shot down long before he came near my stand. A second time the dogs were put in, and after a few minutes trailing, jumped again. The pack soon separated into three portions, each in full cry after a deer. Two of these, strange to say, made together for "the Doctor's" stand, who, I could observe was poising his gun ready for the first chance that would present itself. Presently, bar-r-r! bar-r-r! went both barrels; and in a shorter time than I can write these words, two deer were sprawling on the sand within a hundred yards of me. The third animal escaping unhurt from my two neighbours on the right, was approaching; and thought I, "now is the time to show 'the Doctor' that there is *one* of the rising generation who bids fair to rival the men of the good old times." Breathless almost with excitement, I saw a magnificent buck coming along the beach, seemingly quite at leisure, as the dogs were far behind. An oak blown down by a long past hurricane, lay extended some distance on the sand. I knew that when started deer usually went around this fallen tree. "My fine fellow, my beauty, won't I have a glorious shot at you? As if hearing my words, and knowing my design, the noble animal, disdainful of the common course, sprang over the prostrate monarch of the forest, which, with its bushy branches, I vainly imagined interposed an insuperable obstacle. Unless I had been an eye-witness, never would I have believed that any animal could have taken that leap! But on he kept, and slowly approached within

gun-shot. When at good distance, I rose upon my feet, and taking advantage of a momentary halt of astonishment by the deer, I aimed deliberately, fired both barrels, and saw the deer—bounding off apparently unhurt. “Curse the gun,” I muttered; and I am afraid imprecated something very horrible upon the head of the innocent animal. Could it be possible that I heard “the Doctor’s” demoniac chuckle at my ill luck? It so seemed, at all events. But I had no time to determine, for presently he fired. There at his feet lay the noble buck. I ran down immediately, and thanked him for stopping my game. That I had missed, I believed impossible. “I tell you Willie, you did not touch him; he was as frisky as a yearling when I shot.” But I insisted that I had drawn the first blood, and roundly declared that no one ought to claim to have killed three deer within ten minutes. “We can easily settle the matter,” said ‘the Doctor,’ “as we fired at opposite sides. *You* aimed at the left; and see there!” he exclaimed, pointing towards it. True enough, not an orifice appeared; and after searching carefully, I was compelled to acknowledge that the blood of that deer lay not upon *my* head.

But even during our hasty altercation, the music of the pack was again heard, and I hurried off to my stand. Having hastily loaded, I waited as calmly as circumstances would permit, (in other words, in a state of intense excitement.) The deer took the same general course as the buck I had just missed so gloriously; he ran by the stands of the four gentlemen on my right, each of whom fired two barrels without touching a hair. I could see the deer bound in affright as each concealed enemy let fly a shower of buck shot; but they were city sportsmen, on their first hunt and, as a matter of course, the bullets flew wide of their mark. I had already made up my mind where to hit him. “He will give me so fair a chance, that I will be able to shoot him through the head without injuring his foreshoulder.” But even while I was thus cogitating, the deer, and a noble buck he was, suddenly swerved from the course he was pursuing. Instead of passing on the sea-side of the sand ridge, he made for the interior of the island: and to do this, he was obliged to make his way at

the very foot of the mound on whose summit I was posted. Whether piqued by my former bad shot, or made over anxious by the barrels discharged in vain, or whether stimulated by both considerations, I turned sharply round to shoot the deer as he passed beneath me on the land side. But in my hot haste, I trod too heavily; the loose, crumbling sand gave way from under my feet, and gun in hand, I rolled over and over towards the bottom of the hill. I remember distinctly the appearance of the deer, as he saw me coming down almost upon him. His eyes distended to the size of saucers; the hair upon his back stood on end; he bleated in the extremity of his terror, and too horrified to look around, he sprang with a lofty bound into the bushes at his side. The pea vines, which I have before mentioned, were here unusually thick, and completely covering the myrtles, formed a matted imperviable mass. By his leap, the deer was carried into the very midst of the thicket. When I rose little bruised, upon my feet, the poor animal was held fast by his antlers; he kicked and struggled, and actually screamed. But every effort on his part only secured him the more inextricably. A modern Abraham, I beheld my victim caught by his horns! "The Doctor having seen my fall, ran up laughing heartily, to know whether I had been hurt. I soon satisfied him on this point, and then showed him the deer, half dead with exhaustion. Drawing his *couteau de chasse*, he cut himself a passage, and soon ended the poor beast's sufferings. I did my best to demonstrate to him that this novel method of capturing deer had been carefully thought out beforehand; that the precise conjuncture of the animal's passing beneath me, I had rigidly calculated; that the probable velocity of my descent had been scrupulously estimated, and that at a determined moment I had precipitated myself down the hill, with a view to the very consequences which actually resulted. The unreasonable old gentleman, however, regarded the whole explanation as apocryphal, or at best, rather suspicious.

My fall did not leave me unscathed, as I at first hoped. I soon felt the effects of gravitation acting on a body descending along an inclined plane, and leaving my companions, I hobbled home-

wards. There, on a wide bed of sweet smelling myrtle, I slept until evening brought the party to camp, tired, hungry, and well satisfied with their sport. Twelve deer had been bagged that day, "the Doctor" doing for seven of them.

A hearty supper, and a draught of old Cognac, and then a cigar, ended the enjoyments of the day. We all retired early, my friends to refresh themselves for another hunt, and I to heal my aching bones. Many a time that night did I see the deer's big eyes in my dreams, but I awoke sound as a bell, and *malgre* a little stiffness, joined my companions the next morning in a wild boar chase.

B.*.*

MODERN IDEALISM.

Man is to be distinguished from the brutes, by the possession of reason, rather than understanding, "in regard, that in other creatures there may be something of understanding, but there is nothing of reason." The instincts of insects, whereby fault in the construction of any cell or building is corrected, shows a possession of understanding, "their instincts do not differ, in kind from understanding, but they do so differ from reason. Understanding is the "Faculty judging according to sense," and as such is possessed by us in common with the brutes. Reason is that faculty whereby we conceive of that class of truths, called intuitive. "The understanding in all its judgements, refers to some other faculty as its ultimate authority. The Reason in all its decisions, appeals to itself as the ground, and substance of their truth," "It is a direct aspect of truth, an inward beholding; having a similar relation to the intelligible that sense has to the material or Phenomenal."

Reason in its decisions must appeal to itself, for it is the only faculty whereby the soul can receive an intuitive truth. It was

formed for the reception of the highest class of truths, and its beautiful adaptation to this end serves to show us that "the hand which made it is divine." This is the faculty which most nearly allies us to our Creator. It is this which remains of the image of God, in which our first parents were created. For as the brutes have sensation, sense-perception, and judgement derived from experience, differing from the same faculties in man, not in kind, but in degree; so does man possess reason, or intuitive faculties differing, not in kind, but in degree from our conception of the same faculties in the divine mind. The only conception which it is possible for us to form of the divine mind is, that it foreknows all things, and has forever known all things, in eternity past, and in the countless ages yet to come. This foreknowledge must be immediate, and from all eternity. We cannot suppose that there is any conclusion at which it is necessary for the divine mind to arrive, by induction, or deduction, and therefore all knowledge must, with it, be intuitive. Thus far, then, the reason is, in an infinitely lower degree, the same in kind, with that which is our conception of the divine essence, if indeed we acknowledge his omniscience and prescience.

This theory involves that of innate ideas, which may be thus stated, that there is a power innate in the soul, by which we become possessed of first principles, and of ideas of a point, a line, a circle, and all axioms in mathematics; and of Justice, Goodness ect., in morality. The images of some of these being presented to us through the medium of the senses, we form our conceptions of them by this innate power.

To this class belong our ideas of a God, of the eternal principles of right and equity, and the mysteries of religion, which are beyond all the inductions we can derive from nature.

Such, in brief, is the theory of innate ideas, which has been held from the first records of philosophy, in opposition to the theory of the materialistic school, which holds that all our knowledge is derived from experience.

These two schools have always existed as distinct and antagonistic. We just find them on the records of philosophy in Greece,

where Plato was the leader of the one, Aristotle of the other. Plato held to the extreme doctrine of innate ideas, that there are in the soul certain innate ideas, which are the bases of all our conceptions,—that the acquiring knowledge is a sort of reminiscence or calling forth of knowledge which had a prior existence in the soul and is now suggested to the soul by individual objects. All our abstract ideas are potentially in the mind when we enter this world, and are therefore those just acquired, and by the light of which we comprehend those observations which we make in the world around us. We have an abstract idea of equality, and by this we judge of the equality of those things presented for our consideration ; by the abstract idea of goodness, we judge of goodness, so of right, and all our innate ideas. Aristotle rushing to the opposite extreme maintained that all our knowledge is derived from observation and experience and therefore that all our knowledge is founded ultimately on experience. He thus reduces man's highest faculties to sensation.

We not only find these two schools existing in Greece, but in every nation where philosophy has flourished to any extent. Cicero and Horace, here stood opposed to each other, the former a Platonist, the latter an Aristotelian.

These were the first great schools of philosophy. During the middle ages, the philosophy was confined to the school-men, who, with the exception of Thomas Aquinas were Aristotelians. They held to the old tenets with but few modifications, and no essential alterations.

Then arose Lord Bacon, who remoulded the ancient system of Aristotle, and after him Des Cartes, who was the founder of the modern school of Idealists. Lord Bacon held strictly to the fundamental doctrines of the Aristotelian theory. It is the boast of one of his followers, that he had a distinct view of the theory of mind ; that all our knowledge is derived from experience, the great fundamental problem of which was solved by Locke, who says that all our knowledge originates in sensation and reflection. This philosophy did not prevail until some years later.

In the meantime arose the school of the Platonizing divines,

whose philosophy then became the prevalent one. The more prominent of this school, were, Ralph Cudworth, Henry More, and Theophilus Gale. These held to the doctrine of innate ideas, and applied the theory to theology. They held that the Holy Spirit acts on the reason, and thus illumines the soul of man. That there is an "actual knowledge in the soul of man, on which outward objects act so as to call forth the exercise of it. These ideas are not always present to the soul, neither forming themselves upon it; but being hinted at by an "active sagacity" in the soul, a clear and accurate conception is immediately formed. The first principles of mathematics and logic are two classes of these truths; and besides these mathematical and logical truths, there are also "relative notions, or ideas." These are either impressions of external objects on the senses, or they are natural furniture of the human mind; e.g. cause and effect, whole and part, equality and inequality. These are all relative ideas, and *not* material impressions on the soul from external objects. They are her own active, intuitive conceptions, whilst she takes notice of external objects, and are called forth by those objects. For these ideas cannot arise from any impression made on the soul by external objects, through the medium of the senses, because they are not physical affections of matter; and how can that, that is no physical affection of matter affect our corporal organs of sense?

They are not physical affections of matter, because they may be produced or changed when there has been no physical motion. Let A be one mass and B another, equal to A. Take away half of A; now B has not been touched, but it no longer has the sense of equality attached to it. Neither does it vitiate the reasoning, to say that B has been changed, for it only shows that the notion of equality which we had of that matter is in our own conception, and is no physical affection of the matter itself. Also, one and the same portion of matter may have two contrary ideas of this kind attached to it; e.g. a third proportional between two other bodies may have the idea of double and sub-double attached to it. These being contrary qualities, could not exist in one body,

as physical affections of that body. And further, were these physical affections of matter, and as such, received through the senses, these ideas of them would affect beasts, and thus, they too, could be good mathematicians and geometricians.

Immediately previous to, and at this time, we find the literature of England rivalling that of ancient Greece. It could boast of a Shakspeare, a Spencer, and a Jonson. In this age arose the philosopher, Bacon, whose system prevailed throughout England a few years later, through the influence of his disciple, Locke. Now we find literature degenerating. Pope was the great poet; Warburton, the theologian. By Locke, Bacon's theory was further developed, and materialism was the inevitable result. A school of this philosophy was established in France. It has been truly said by one of our own professors, that "this school says, our highest ideas are all of sensation; and thus turned Christianity into an imposture, morality into a sham, and created all the horrors of the French revolution." From France this philosophy spread throughout Germany, and there its baneful influences were felt.

The law of action and re-action is not alone confined to physics, but exists to a great extent in the domain of mind; and hence we find as a natural re-action to this materialism, that tendency to Pantheism, which has ever since pervaded the metaphysics of Germany. This school not only caused literature to degenerate, destroyed the spiritual life of theology, but by its fundamental doctrine, that all our knowledge is derived from experience, gave foundation to Hume's celebrated article against miracles. For if we must judge altogether from experience, it is a just conclusion that no such thing as a miracle could ever have taken place. It is contrary to all knowledge derived from experience, that the dead should rise, and is a seeming contradiction to the senses. and did oftentimes lead men to distrust their own senses. It is contrary to all knowledge derived from experience that any being should be omnipresent: and yet, revelation tells us that God is omnipresent and omniscient, "everywhere, beholding at all times the evil and the good." For the establishing of this truth, our

understanding is not appealed to. The idea, if subjected to the standard by which our senses judge, would at once be preposterous. If we appeal to the understanding, amazed and bewildered, without the torch of reason to light its path, it rejects this truth, and all connected with it, and plunges into the black depths of atheism.

Such have been the effects of these two systems. If the one has led to Pantheism, the other has lead as surely to atheism. If the former has elated man too far above his actual condition, the other has lowered him to a level with the beasts that perish. The former calls forth the active powers of the mind, and stimulates the imagination, and hence we see literature flourishing with it, and like the ivy on the oak, bowing with it to the blast of the material elements.

In this condition we find the literature of England during the prevalence of Locke's philosophy. But again it was destined to be revived, and that too, by the influence of the so-called "Lake school." The founder and sustainer of this school was Coleridge. He modified the doctrines of the Idealistic school, inasmuch as that he considered reason to be far above all man's other faculties, and subordinate to revelation alone,—that faculty being the one unto which revelation appeals. Therefore, are we not gods in any other sense than that we were made in the image of God; from which image having now fallen, we have yet the glorious hope that "we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." Then "we shall be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye." Having gazed upon the ineffable glory that proceeds from the Father, we shall intuitively attain unto a more perfect knowledge. "This corruptible shall put on incorruption;" and the understanding, and all things belonging to the senses shall leave the soul in its upward flight. We cannot conceive of the angels as anything but intuitive beings. "Such is Idealism, true and beautiful in its results, so long as it investigates what are, properly speaking, the innate faculties of the human mind; but false and delusive when it would go a step too far, and draw from within, what a more accurate philosophy shows to arise from an

objective world around us. Such, in its fullest extent, was the philosophy of Berkley, in England; such, in its tendency, was Kantian; and such, in its first and better movement, was the system with which Dr. Reid honored and enlightened his country."

SIRIUS.

LIFE.

The "Life of Man" has ever been the theme upon which philosophers have loved to dwell, and upon which poetry has been exhausted in describing its various phases. Metaphysical writers have tortured their minds in explaining its various phenomena; they have drawn nice distinctions between the mind, soul, and body, yet with many of them we find either too much poetry, or too much of the theoretical. Some, in considering "life," appear to regard Man as they would the gaudy butterfly, which quaffs the nectar from the choicest flowers, glitters and sparkles in the sun's rays for a day, and then dies; or they present him in that life as a mere machine of flesh and blood, which by regular and predestined action, works out the great problem. In such dissertations, Man is not represented as the free agent and responsible being, but while the writers charm us, they would bind us with the fetters of a false philosophy. Again, some have woven beautiful fabrics, in which all colors pleasing to the eye and flattering to the ingenuity of man, are blended in sweet harmony; while others have painted life as it were, in dark colors, and appear to have viewed only its sorrows, omitting the pleasures which are mingled with them at this point in eternity. Such would take away our thoughts upon our origin and destiny; they would either make us creatures of to-day, without any regard for the past and future, or they would transform us into the followers of a fatalism, withering alike to industry and genius. This low estimate of life is a fault too common with our poets; we see it affected and mingled with truth, in the following:

"Such is life, a dream, a vision,
 Transient as a fleeting breath;
 Brightest hopes of youth's ambition
 Yield at thy commands, O Death!"

Again, in the following lines, disgust of life is either feigned or felt by the writer, who betrays rather a bilious than poetical temperament.

"Oh! who would cherish life,
 And cling to this heavy clog of clay;
 Love this rude world of strife,
 Where glooms and tempests cloud the fairest day?"

Shakspeare makes Lady Macbeth to utter this sentiment:

"Out, out, brief candle;
 Life's but a walking shadow.

Again:

"It is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing."

Thus many of those writers, whose fame contradicts them, tell us that life is but a dream; they would compare it to a school boy's tale to a shadow, to a bauble. But our experience teaches us that this is not all true, for we find life to be a compound of the ideal and real; the duties of life constitute its realities, while the sensations of time are the ideal steps in the rugged path of truth, which leads from the caverns of iniquity to the sunny heights of innocence. The sorrows of life may cause those who imagine that they are afflicted more than their fellow mortals, to look forward with pleasure to the termination of their earthly existence; but to these especially is life valuable. Moreover, those sorrows are often intended to be the means of brightening the nobler qualities of the mind, and of bringing to the light those latent qualities, which, when cultivated, become like a burnished mirror, to reflect a clear image of the origin, station, and destiny of man, for upon that mirror is stamped each thought, action, desire, and each tear of happiness or woe.

"All, all, are ever mirrored there,
In all the glow of real life;
Greatly to shape our future course,
And nerve or weaken for the strife."

Again, examples could be cited, where men have lived as if life indeed was but a dream, and as if sparks of intellectual fire were not buried within their hearts, until they were aroused from their lethargy even by sensual grief, then their whole character was changed, and that change was,

"As when rich gold fresh gathered from the mine,
Is mixed with metals valueless and base,
Till purged within the fire some little space,
The alloy flies off, and leaves it pure and fine."

But we would ask of those who have gone before, and whose lives rendered the world wiser and better, what was their estimate of life? Could their spirits hold intercourse with mortals, they would speak of the realities of life, and of its inestimable value. Then tell us not, dreamer, that it is not a duty and an advantage in life, to have high aspirations, to undertake noble achievements, and to labor with energy, knowing that the longest life swiftly passes away, and that "soon the night cometh, in which no man can work." We know that some live as if the only object of life was sensual gratification, but those the world will never mourn for, when death comes as a sad reality, not to be avoided, nor will any look to them as the guiding star of their lives, from which by precept and example, they would gather instruction to aid them in attaining the position destined for them to occupy. But those have lived, and still live, who have attracted the admiring gaze of enlightened nations, not more by the brilliancy of their genius, than by their indefatigable energy. Our souls thrill at the eloquence of men who lived ages before our time; our spirits are kindled with thoughts which originated with master minds, and which will ever continue to pass from soul to soul; and fond memory loves to linger over departed friends, who by mere acts of kindness won our affection, and in so

doing, lived for a purpose. Will the fame of Galileo ever become tarnished by the dust of ages? Will his name be forgotten in the lapse of time? As long as science has her votaries, and the mysteries of the universe remain unsolved, so long will the name of Galileo stand high upon the recording tablets of the world, and so long will his name receive honor, denied him by his contemporaries. Newton, with diligence, tracing the cause and effect, at length discovered the law which governs the revolutions of worlds around a great centre, and even now, the midnight watcher, as his mind soars to the distant regions of space, and measures the great planet, bends to the intellect of Newton. An eloquent and profound statesman, as his eyes closed in death, said, "I still live," and now many hearts re-echo, "Webster still lives." His name an honor to his country, and his principles co-existent with the Union. Thus, these men, and a host of others, labored, and won a fame which will last long after any monument which may mark their resting place has crumbled into dust. For a just appreciation of the value of life, our minds must be exercised by social intercourse, and in the performance of social duties, for in the want of this exercise, our ideas concerning the relations of mind and matter will either dwindle into that sickly sentimentalism which loves to linger amid the tombs, mourning over the vanity of life, or they will contract into a sordid selfishness, still more degrading to the dignity of man. We all know, that every one, in every grade of society, has certain social relations and duties pertaining to his fellow men, and to his Creator, which should constitute the work of his life.

"Mankind has his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heaven on all his ways."

It is in the neglect of this work, and in the disregard of the definite purpose of life, wherein lies the secret of so many unhappy and useless lives, for we are prone to forget that in life and death we shall accomplish a certain end, the nature of which is formed by our own free thoughts and actions. The truly great

mind, prompted by its own innate nobility, always considers the importance of life, and the importance of those affairs, which some term the trifles of life, while indifference to these is the characteristic of the "*profanus vulgus*" among all classes. The former finds abundant matter for deep study in that little word, "*life*," while he is making the best use of the space of time represented by it, and he often appears to say—

"How eloquent is Time!
And yet how brief
His accents in the parted year have seem'd."

But year after year rolls swiftly on, while many hear not the rich tones of their voices as they rise in stern rebuke, or melt in gentle persuasion, leaving them untaught by their lessons of truth and beauty. Life claims its high value, not only as our earthly existence, but as the beginning of an immortality, for it then relates not to the body and the world, but to the soul and eternity; and the subject then expands into a space, the boundaries of which imagination can never fathom. Thus, connected with a future existence, it has three great objects, viz.,—to know, to love, and act, or in other words, true wisdom, pure love, and an activity in the performance of duties pertaining to the soul, as well as to those of the world. It is a duty then, to improve our minds, and to cultivate whatever tends to familiarize them with knowledge and beauty. Man will retrograde in an ethical sense, and even sink into a state, degrading on account of its proximity to that of the brute creation, if his mind is deprived of that cultivation, and that restraint which is imposed upon his evil passions by the secret influence of less corrupted hearts. Some one has remarked, that "the tendency of human nature is downward." This is true in one sense, but when the noble and heaven-born qualities once predominate, then its tendency is upward; and aided by external influence, the mind continues to expand, blooming in a loveliness worthy of the conception of its Creator. The enjoyment of life can best be effected by elevating our moral character, and cherishing all feelings of pure affection, which are the

bonds of friendship, the solace of life, and the hope for eternity ; for if we have the seed of the sacred plant in our hearts, cherish it we may for the world, but we should let it bud and blossom for our God. Finally, the brevity of life should be equally impressed with its value upon our minds, for we know that our fathers have died, so life will soon leave us, and each one of us could exclaim in the words of Ossian, the noble poet "where are our fathers, O warriors, the chiefs of the times of old ? They have set like stars that have shone ; we only hear the sound of their praise. They were renowned in their years, the terror of other times. Thus shall we pass away."

H. L. R. V.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

Te Deum laudamus, Te Dominum confiteamur
Te æternum patrem omnis terra veneratur.
Tibi omnes angeli, Tibi coeli et universae potestates,
Tibi Cherubim et Seraphim incessabili voce proclamant
Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth.
Pleni sunt coeli et terra majestatis gloriae Tuae.
Te gloriosus Apostolorum chorus,
Te laudabilis Prophetorum numerus,
Te Martyrum candidatus laudat exercitus.
Te per orbem terrarum sancta confitetur Ecclesia,
Patrem immensae majestatis
Venerandum tuum verum et unicum filium
Sanctum quoque Paraclitum Spiritum.
Tu rex gloriae Christe]
Tu Patris sempiternus es Filius.
Tu ad liberandum suscepturus hominem, non horruisti Virginis uterum.
Tu devicto mortis aculeo aperuisti credentibus regna coelorum,
Tu ad dextram Dei sedis in gloria Patris,
Judex crederis esse venturus.
Te ergo quaesumus, Tuis famulis subveni quos pretioso sanguine redemisti.
Aeterna fac cum Sanctis Tuis in gloria numerari.

Salvum fac populum Tuum, Domine, et benedic hereditati Tuae.

Et rege eos et extolle illos usque in æternum.

Per singulos dies benedicimus Te et laudamus nomen Tuum in sæculum et in
sæculum sæculi.

Dignare, Domine die isto sine peccato nos custodire.

Miserere nostri, Domine miserere nostri,

Fiat misericordia Tua, Domine super nos, quemadmodum speravimus in Te.

In te, Domine, speravi non confundar in æternum.

IDEM HYMNUS ANGLICE REDDITUS.

Thee, O Lord will praise,
While earth her voice doth raise
To sing thro' long enduring days,
Thy glorious Name.

Angels worship at thy feet,
Cherubim around thee meet.
Seraphim thy praise repeat,
Lord God Almighty.

Holy, Holy, Holy, cry,
And adore thy majesty,
In everlasting ecstasy,
The Angelic choir.

Apostels, Prophets, Martyrs all
Tenants of this earthly ball,
On their knees devoutly fall
And thee adore.

Thy Church, thy ransomed Few,
Who for heavenly pardon sue,
And thy will in meekness do,
Thee, Triune God adore.

Thou conqueror of the grave
Who camst from Death to save,
And us from sin to lave,
Open heaven's kingdom.

Thou Judge Omnipotent,
Thy mercy to us send,
Thy servants Lord defend;
Lord save thy people.

Holy Spirit evermore,
Thee will praise and thee adore,
Who for us our burden bore,
Lord Jesus Christ.

Have mercy on thy chosen race,
Defend us with almighty grace,
And in thine arms us Lord embrace,
Who art the Sinner's Trust.

AMBROSIOUS.

The above rendering of the *Te Deum* was handed to us by one of our students for examination. Though it lays no claim to originality further than the rendering, we were so much pleased with it, that we requested a copy for publication. Whilst it is true that uniformity of metre is not preserved throughout, yet we think it has other merits sufficient to counterbalance this defect. To the same friend we are indebted for a copy of the original, which, though quite familiar to all, we insert, from the conviction that many would be glad to have it in this form for preservation.

EDITOR.

FATHER MATTHEW.

Sad news have come to us across the waters, from the island "so famous in poetry and in song." One of her truest and noblest sons has fallen. His place is desolate, and it is fitting that the harp of the Ireland of fancy, should give forth its saddest and most melancholy strains. The booming of cannon has not proclaimed a nation's bereavement, nor have the funeral ceremonies been attended with the pageantry of royalty. Yet one has fal-

len, deplored not by a single nation alone, but by all whose hearts respond to the claims of suffering humanity. A noble heart has ceased to beat, a daring soul has rest from its dreaming, for Father Matthew has passed away from earth. The chill of disappointment, and the hopes that lacked fruition, shall by him be felt no more. Well may we pause to render our tribute to so generous a spirit; well declare our admiration for the heart that ever throbbed with sympathy for the sorrow-stricken and disconsolate.

His character, whose virtues, and life we would commemorate, was beautiful in simplicity, admirable in proportion. Love to man, energy and activity in carrying out the designs that same love prompted, were its predominant qualities. As he entered upon life, his soul was imbued with the desire of doing good. He saw his country suffering from a blight more paralyzing and deadening than that which in later years gained for it the sympathies of the world. He saw that the ignorance and degradation of the people were augmented by this vice. To free them from its influence, and thus elevate them in the scale of humanity, was the peculiar mission to which he devoted himself. Blending religion with humanity, as a minister of the gospel, he entered upon his labors, and not till the close of his long life, almost completing the "three score years and ten," did he relax his efforts. We know full well the wonderful story of his success, how he gained the heart of that strange, incomprehensible race, in what numbers they gathered around to listen to his words of expostulation and advice. A movement took place, not admitting doubt, but which few could comprehend. The converts to his theory were numbered not by hundreds, but by thousands. Nor did he stop here; he came across the waters, to labor in a distant land for the promotion of the cause to which he had consecrated his life. Some may remember the winning simplicity of his manner, as he journeyed over our land,—may recall the musical tones of his voice as he pleaded his cause, in such a manner as moves men. His progress resembled a triumphal procession, for all who loved the cause of humanity hastened to do the old

man homage. A short sojourn here, and he returned to his own land to take respite from his labors, for he had sacrificed his health to his exertions. Since then the voice of the veteran has been seldom heard in the public council, and now the tidings have come that it is hushed for ever.

Wild and visionary some may deem his purposes and plans, but who can doubt their sincerity and purity? Some may deny that his labors had their due reward; many attribute his apparent success to the effects of enthusiasm. If many were carried away by their feelings, and in moments of excitement did that which they afterwards annulled, if many failed in the hour of trial, there are yet some who have been true to their pledges, who will hear of the death of the veteran warrior with a pang of sorrow, and shall keep his memory green with their tears. If the sin and degradation exhibited on all sides, rendered the old man sick and weary of life, if their ignorance and fickleness caused him to despair of the elevation of those whom he loved, and for whom he toiled, he could not, and we must not call his life a failure. His purposes may not have attained the immediate end at which they were directed,—the grand design of his life was not fully accomplished, yet there is a lesson to be learned from his character which will redeem it from the reproach of incompleteness. Such a spirit as his seems sent to put to shame the base and selfish longings of our nature. It tells of a higher destiny, and a nobler mission. It teaches that the miseries and distress of humanity are more worthy the attention of the soul than the interests of self, or the aims of human ambition. It challenges our admiration by the heroism of its conflict, by the grandeur and sublimity even of its failure.

W.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

"If I never did a great thing, I never did a long one."—SOMEBODY.

Aeneas, when shipwrecked, and expecting instant death, exclaimed, "thrice happy they to whom it happened to encounter death before the eyes of our father, under the lofty walls of Troy." The chorus of sea nymphs, after hearing Io's recital of her wrongs, ejaculated, "wise was the man, aye, wise indeed, who first weighed well this maxim, and with his tongue published it abroad,—that, to ally in marriage in one's own rank is best by far." Now, we say, the "Somebody" quoted above, who, if he never did a great thing, never did a long one, is both thrice happy and wise indeed, and that his name, if discoverable, is justly entitled to a niche in the Pantheon of earth's sages.

During the present vacation, in reading Deidrich Knickerbocker's History of the Dutch Governors of New York, we were very much amused with an incident in the life of Wouter Van Twiller, otherwise called Walter, the Doubter. This remarkable individual was never known to come to a decision but once during his administration, and then in this wise: two persons came to him, bringing mutual charges against each other, and having them all written out in full. Walter received the documents, and after smoking a great many pipes over them, and doubting exceedingly much,—finally, on deliberately counting the leaves, decided the suit in favor of the one containing the greatest number. There are many persons in the world who remind us forcibly of this sapient magistrate. They seem to think that arguments are conclusive in proportion to their length; that prolixity is the measure of wit; that he is the greatest poet who composes the most lines, and he the finest orator who delivers the longest speeches. They must have forgotten the celebrated aphorism of Shakspeare, that "brevity is the soul of wit;" and the remark of another, that, "words are like sunbeams, the more they are condensed, the deeper they burn."

Since we are indebted to the accounts, either oral or written, of others, for all the information we have of the world's history, and even for acquaintance with the majority of events occurring in our own vicinity, since the ramifications of knowledge are so numerous, and time moreover, so fleeting, it is obvious that brevity should be the study of all, and that "*Multum in Parvo*" should be lord of the ascendant in the horoscope of our life-governing maxims. Courtesy demands it, charity demands it, a decent respect for mankind demands it, the golden rule embodies as much, and self-interest should thus direct us—

Though these facts are as plain as snow on the house tops, there are multitudes who are practically unaware of them. We are daily bored with windy politicians, flatulent lawyers, gaseous asthmatic story tellers, and preachers, whose sermons seldom conclude before "tenthly."

We employ the ideas of brevity and piquancy interchangeably, because they are usually concomitants of each other. Voluminous writers or speakers are not generally pithy in their style, and those poets who can write a hundred lines, "*stans in uno pede*" will probably be little read. Philosophers of this species "darken counsel with words, without wisdom." Like Gratiano, "they speak an infinitely deal of nothing," and their reasons are "as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff, you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have found them, they are not worth the search." On the contrary, concise writers always command respect. Addison spent the best portion of his life in writing for the *Spectator*. The result was a comparatively small volume, yet the most complete compendium of ethics, philosophy, history and etiquette ever published. Goldsmith did not write above 2000 pages, 12mo., yet his works are remarkable for their raciness, and have proved sufficient to give him a place among the literati. Numerous other examples might be cited.

To conclude,—if we are brief, though not pungent, we will not, at most be tedious; if we are prolix, however pointed, there is a strong presumption that we will be wearisome; but if we are both brief and piquant, we cannot but be agreeable. The son of Sir

each gives a little advice on the subject, and with it we close. "Let thy speech be short comprehending much in few words: be as one that knowth, yet holdeth his tongue."

LACON.

"THE THREE PARKS."

Away in the Rocky Mountains, near where the ice-cold streams which form the sources of the Rio Colorado, gush out from their snowy springs:—far below the "South Pass," and out of the vast current of emigration which yearly rolls toward the "Golden State"—there lie three beautiful vallies. Famed are they in the annals of mountain life, and joyfully does the weary, half-starved trapper greet the first sight of the snowy peaks which encircle the "Three Parks."

And well do they deserve the name. The long vistas under the stately old oaks, through which one rides: the herds of deer starting from his path: the hare "loping" away over the flower-carpeted turf,—all impress the imagination, so that one momentarily expects to see the tall towers of some noble English hall, overlooking its own beautiful domain.

But no such sign of man's sovereignty is here seen. The stealthy wolf follows upon the hunter's trail, and the grizzly bear hardly turns from his feast of acorns, to cast a single snarling glance at the passing stranger.

Many fierce fights have taken place between the Indians, for the supremacy of this lovely region, and more than once has the soil been wet with 'Pale Face' blood.

A few years ago, the Parks were the great winter rendezvous of the mountain hunters; and the traders' wagons, the Indians lodge, and the trappers shanty stood side by side. But as the beaver gradually disappeared, so did the trappers. The traders yearly decreased, and now, the charred logs are all that show where the encampment was made for so many winters.

At the present time the Utahs have a village in the "Bayon Salade," as southern park, and their white buffalo robe lodges their bands of mustangs feeding over the "bottoms" with the savage horsemen guarding them, are in perfect unison with the wild majestic scenery which surrounds them.

Nature has wonderfully suited these vallies to the wants of their inhabitants. Nowhere else does the deer browse such sweet buds, or the buffalo find such tender "mesquit," and the mountain antelope bounds along precipices and over glaciers which an Alpine chamois might well exchange for its own native heights.

A volume might be written upon the natural wonders of these vallies and the mountains around them. Mineral springs far surpassing the most celebrated, to which fashion now resorts, have here flowed on for ages, unknown except to the Indian who reverentially bows to the "great medicine" which he beleives dwells under the boiling fountain.

Vast charms rent in the solid mountain side which would put a geologist into extacies of perplexity and delight. Scenery beautiful as the "happy hunting grounds" of Indian mythology, and in fine, so varied and lovely are these lone mountain vallies, that no description will give more than the faintest reflection of their beauties. And no one has ever visited them without wishing in his heart, that he might there live, and die; or left them without feelings of sadness and regret.

VIDI.

TIME.

Fell Time! Go on; pursue thy course;
Draw days, and years, from unknown source,
Fulfill God's high behest,
Thou mayest never rest
"Till thou art swallowed in the sea
Of infinite eternity."

Thy chariot wheels began to roll,
When first was spread the heaven's scroll
O'er earths broad foundations.
Thou hast beheld the nations
Rise, flourish, fade and pass away,
Like ghosts that dread the approaching day.

TO-MORROW! where art thou, come, tell!
For thou wilt sing some parting knell,
And take with thee from earth
Some token of thy birth.
Whence dost thou wing thy silent flight
Bringing the blest, the heaven-born light?

Where art thou yesterday? Passed by?
Gone to the portals of the sky?
No sage hath ever told,
And to my question bold,
Dread silence is the fit reply,
I know not *whither, whence, nor why.*

Go on, *Old Time!* Go on, thy way;
Alternate, bring thou night and day,
And when Fate cuts the thread
That holds me from the dead,
Then in a holier, happier clime,
May I resolve thy mysteries, *TIME.*

SIGMA.

STUDY AND THOUGHT.

In this day of educational facility, and multiplication of authors and books, it too often unfortunately happens that the student lays more stress upon study than thought. Great men have written great thoughts upon great subjects. As one of the wonderful results of man's productive genius, these have been brought within reach of the masses generally, and the student always desirous of gaining present advantage with the least possible exertion, eagerly seizes and devours them.

We speak in no disparaging terms of the increase of author and books ; on the contrary, we hail the fact as one of the many evidences of progress, not only in intellectual, but also in mechanical skill, and we form bright hopes of our continued advance in civilization ; nevertheless, we think it an evidence of mental indolence when they produce no mental activity.

In the former ages of literature, a student was a man of thought. We see him a lover of retirement from the busy scenes of the world, and longing for midnight stillness, the better to develop his thoughts. His mental capacities being thus continually and severely exercised, were necessarily matured, and he possessed of greater power as a consequence.

The mere perusing of other men's thoughts, or memorising them and making use of them as original, is but poor mental cultivation, in comparison with the other method of training.

It is a difficult matter to concentrate our mind on any one subject of thought, to habituate it to dwell upon that subject, isolated though it be, until it shall be our pleasure to withdraw it. Long practice, and no small degree of patience are necessary to acquire this habit ; but when it has been once acquired, a man possesses true mental power and freedom. He is no longer unduly influenced by the opinions of others. Each thought presented to his mind is considered with reference to its truth or falsity, its various bearings on human society, and finally accepted or rejected. He is thus being continually better prepared to fathom the deep truths of science ; finds in himself an ample fund of enjoyment when circumstances preclude reading ; obtains clearer perceptions, and consequently the pleasures derived from his pursuits increase with his mental growth.

Reading and study are but food for thought, which when digested, afford a delightful occupation to our mental powers ; but when pursued no farther than the mere reading or study, we virtually give license to mental inactivity.

This subject naturally suggests to us the various *aids* in study, so called, which surround us. But, though each one has his particular opinion with reference to their present utility, no one we

think, who candidly reflects on the subject, can think favorably with respect to their ultimate benefit. They may require less of our time and attention, but the question is, whether they do no seriously affect the independence of mind, and lead us to be content with little or no mental exertion.

HERMES.

PRINCETON COLLEGE.

The Class of 1857 can but regard it as a happy circumstance that on graduation, their *Alma Mater* will have reached her hundredth anniversary as "Princeton" College.

In 1747, Nassau Hall was founded at Elizabethtown, and shortly afterward removed to Newark, N. J. In 1757 it was transferred to Princeton, where it has remained, until the present time which completes its hundredth year as the College of Princeton.

The Centennial Anniversary of the College was justly celebrated in 1847, but we have thought that at the present time a few facts in reference to it would not be without interest.

The faculty has always been composed of men whose learning, talents, and piety have commanded the respect and confidence of the public. This is particularly true of those who have held the office of President. Of these, eight now lie entombed side by side, in the Cemetery of Princeton. Their resting place is truly "hallowed ground." Their names stand enrolled in the Triennial Catalogue as follows:

Accessus.	Exitus.
1746, *Jonathan Dickinson, A. M.,	1747.
1748, *Aaron Burr, A. M.,	1757.
1757, *Jonather Edwards, A. M.,	1758.
1759, *Samuel Davies, A. M.,	1761.
1731, *Samuel Finley, D. D.,	1766.

1768, *John Witherspoon, D. D. LL. D.,	1794.
1795, *Samuel Standhope Smith, D. D. LL. D., Resigned.	1812.
1812, *Ashbel Green, D. D. LL. D., Resigned.	1822.
1823, Jacob Carnahan, D. D. LL. D., Resigned.	1854.
1854, John MacLean, D. D. LL. D.	

From this list it will be seen that the average time of holding office by those who have already vacated it, (embracing a period of one hundred and eight years), is a fraction less than twelve years, and that Mr. Dickinson held the office the shortest period of time, and Dr. Carnahan the longest. Three have resigned because of the infirmities of age, the rest have died while in office.

Among the more distinguished, we have President Edwards,† as the first Metaphysician of America, and one whom the greatest minds of Europe have loved to consult and honor. If we may be pardoned for a passing reference to the living, it is a somewhat singular fact that while New England has produced two of our most distinguished metaphysicians, she has not been "sound enough in the faith," or from some other cause, has failed to appreciate their talents, and reward them with such positions in her institutions as both have proved themselves so well qualified to fill. But truly "what is her loss is our gain." Of the eloquence of President Davis, and the ripe, polished scholarship of Dr. Smith, we will not stop to speak. The position Dr. Witherspoon held as a member of the Continental Congress, the influence he wielded while a member of that body, and his having been a signer of the Declaration of Independence, will ever associate his name with our country's history.

Dr. Green's position as a man of revolutionary times, though not so important to the interest of the country then, is to the young aspirant, scarcely less enviable.

In his fifteenth year, he stood as a guard at a bridge over the Passaic, and during the night took a man prisoner, who attempted to cross without the countersign.

Shortly after this, he joined the American army, though he had

*Deceased.

†Elected just a century ago.

not attained the age necessary for enlistment. He entered upon this service in 1778, as a militia soldier, under the command of General Wines. It was while the army was undergoing inoculation at Morristown, that he first saw Washington, La Fayette, and Stuben. The Baron de Stuben he considered as the perfect personification of Mars. He closed his military career in about two years. After having spent some time in teaching and study, he entered the Junior class, half advanced, of the College of N.J. in 1782, and graduated in the following year. In his senior year he informs us, he was the only professor of religion in the college, and in the absence of the single tutor, on several occasions, performed the morning service in the college chapel. This he did at the request of Dr. Smith, whose feeble health did not allow him to rise in time for morning prayers, which were held at *five o'clock*.

In 1783, in which year Dr. Green graduated, the Continental Congress met at Princeton, and held its sittings in the library room of Nassau Hall. Dr. Elias Boudinot was at the time, President of the Congress, and Trustee in the college; and as Dr. Witherspoon had so recently been a member of Congress, on the reception of the invitation, an adjournment to attend commencement was readily agreed upon. Consequently, there was upon the stage, the whole of Congress, the Ministers from France and Holland, and the Commander in chief of the American army. Dr. Green had both the first honor for scholarship, and the valedictory, which he tells us he concluded with an address to General Washington. When he commenced his address to the General, the latter blushed excessively, but on the following day, he paid the valedictorian some high compliments.

It was at this time that General Washington presented the Trustees of the college with fifty guineas, with which they procured the full-length portrait of himself which adorns our picture gallery. It was painted by the elder Peale, of Philadelphia. It occupies the very frame which contained the portrait of George the Second, which was decapitated as it hung on the south side of "Old North" by a ball entering the window, from Washington's cannon. At the Battle of Princeton, a regiment of British troops took shelter

in the college, which accounts for Washington's firing upon the building. In after life, Dr. Green was connected with Washington on several public occasions. When pastor in Philadelphia he was Chaplain in the Congress from 1792 to 1800, five years of which time, Washington was President.

The extent of Dr. Green's labors, and his usefulness to the church and country, are hardly equaled by those of any other person. Graduating at the age of twenty-one, he became tutor in the college in the same year; two years afterwards he was appointed Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. He filled this chair until 1787, when he was called to the Second Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, as associate with Dr. Sproat. Besides his pastoral duties, and connection with Congress, he was a leading man in every movement for the public good. He labored earnestly, and for some time with success, for the suppression of theatres, preventing the public desecration of the sabbath, etc. He took an active part at the formation of the Bible Society, and delivered the first annual address. Says Dr. McDowell, "he took a prominent part in all the missionary operations of the Presbyterian Church, from their origin." He was a member of the first Standing Committee of Missions, in 1803, and was Secretary of the Committee, and for many years its most active member. When the board was organized in its present form, in 1828, he was its President. He was also a member of the Board of Education, of the Board of Directors of Princeton Seminary, of Jefferson Medical College, and President of several other Corporations.

In 1805 he sent in an overture to the committee of General Assembly, which resulted in the founding of the Seminary, for which he draughted a plan in 1810. He presided on the College, as has been previous stated, from 1812 to 1823. In 1824 he was Moderator of the General Assembly. On his motion the Theological Seminary at Alleghany was established in the following year. In addition to this, he was editor of the *Christian Advocate* for twelve years. Among other publications his labors for Reese's *Encyclopædia* and the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia* were so

extensive, that he received a complete copy of each as a compensation.

As President of the College, he rendered most important services to the cause of Education, and the Church, but of this we have not room to speak at length. In 1815 the college was blessed with a remarkable revival, during which, about forty students made a profession of religion. Among the number, was one of the Professors of the Princeton Seminary, and two Bishops of the Episcopal Church.

Dr. Green was also the first President of a College in the U.S. who introduced the study of the Bible as a regular part of the collegiate course. This he did shortly after entering upon his official duties. He also established the Thursday Evening Lecture, which has since been increased to four short Lectures each week, by the different members of the Faculty.

We have dwelt somewhat at length upon Dr. Green's life, because he was truly a representative man in the College, Church, and Country. He died the 19th of March, 1848, in the 86th year of his age. With these remarks, however, we must close our sketch of the Presidents. If time permits, we shall say something more in the next number in reference to the College itself.

It is almost needless to say, that for this article, we have drawn largely upon Dr. Green's Autobiography.

J. B. K.

In connection with our subject, we take the liberty to insert the following Ode. It was written for the Centennial Celebration, in 1847, by Matthias Ward, Esq., and was sung at the dinner table, while the courses were changing.

I.

TUTTI. ALMA MATER, cherish'd mother,
Hark ! thy sons their voices raise ;
Loving kindred, friend and brother,
Meet again to hymn thy praise.

Heaven bless this happy union,
Mingled hearts estranged so long ;
Here once more in fond communion,
Old companions join in song.

CHORUS. Alma Mater, cherished mother,
Hark ! thy sons their voices raise ;
Loving kindred, friend and brother,
Meet again to hymn thy praise.

II.

War has struck thy dwelling hoary,—
Weak the foe, and vain the fight,
Thou hast won a higher glory,
Gentle peace, and truth, and right.

CHORUS. Alma, &c.

III.

Fire has tried its fury o'er thee,
Fierce the blaze, and bright the flame,
Now the light that glows before thee,
Shines to show the world thy fame.

CHORUS. Alma, &c.

IV.

Lo ! an hundred years departed,
Since thy tender infant hour ;
Stronger now, and stouter hearted,
Time has but increased thy power.

CHORUS. Alma, &c.

V.

Thou has rear'd the pride of nations—
Thine, thy country's boast abroad—
Thine who hold its honor'd stations—
Thine who teach the way to God !

CHORUS. Alma, &c.

ERRATA.—Page 219, 1st verse, for "will" read "we'll;" 4th verse, for "apostels," read "apostles."

Editor's Table.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

"No matter what"—may have been the feelings which prompted the poetical effusions, origined, select, or modified, with which the Editors of last session introduced each their respective "Table" to the public, we shall confine ourselves to prose.

After making due allowance for the fact that this is the first number of the session, and for this reason, just the time when no one is likely to have anything to "hand in," we flatter ourselves, that this will be sufficient apology for our appearing a few days behind time.

We would be ungrateful, however, did we fail to acknowledge the kind considerations of our contributors. We only regret that they were not a little more timely. In looking over our "drawer" we find we have on hand quite a number of "rejected addresses." It has been decided to leave them unpublished not because we have doubted their originality, but for reasons known to ourselves, which may in part be inferred by their authors. Some of them are in fact good, if we may use the word with some freedom, but they were either upon subjects which we think would hardly interest our readers, or else, they lack that care in composition necessary to fit them for the press. In this connection, we would venture a suggestion to the contributors of the "Lit," which would save the Editors some trouble. In the first place, hand in your articles as early as possible; and when you are known to the Editor, take the pains to assure him that no harm will be done, if he thinks it best not to publish your article. For an editor to reject an article thus handed by a friend without his permission, is a very unpleasant task, yet it sometimes occurs that he must do it. Be so kind then, as to help him out of the difficulty.

When we remember how extremely severe the weather has been, we cannot be surprised that all the avenues to the "sublime" have been impassably closed. Indeed, if Mercury is still, as in ancient days, the messenger of Minerva, judging from the thermometer, "words of wisdom" must be far below zero.

It is doubtless owing to this, in connection with another fact, that our department of "Wit and Humor," and also the Poetical, are sadly deficient. The humor has been thrown into a state of coagulation, by the absence of the normal quantity of caloric; whilst the poetical is minus, because the Muse who

kindly presides over this department of literature has felt herself insulted, that the goddess of some forty years of age should have been courted by "the college youth of modern times," instead of herself,—the "sweet sixteen" of the present day. We have, however, received some contributions to this department, among which are two quite lengthy articles, handed in anonymously, by the same individual. As we shall forbear publishing them entire, we will favor our readers with a selection from one, headed, "A Tale of Eld."

Like a large number of the sterner sex, it evidently appears that the writer was once in love, but ultimately, he had the bitter experience of finding the object of his affections untrue. To spare the feelings of the public, we will omit the description of this awful tragedy, and content ourselves with what relates to his "happy moments." He of course gets on the sublime, and in a dream, "built a starry mansion on a distant planet." Of this, he says,—

"Sparkled its bright and spacious court
With dazzling diamonds, as shines
A mighty monarch's coronet.
*Its lofty fire, did cast a gleam
Of awful splendor through the sky,
Bewildering the sun !*
'Twas on a far off starry mansion,
Upon a throne that vied with Jove's,
Methought I sat, and she beside me ;
The rolling stars our handmaids were,
The pensive moon our chandeller,
The comets were our chariots ;
Eternal bloom was given us,
First settlers in the stars."

We wish it distinctly understood, that this was actually contributed, and not a fabrication of our own.

We could not feel conscious of having discharged our duty as journalists of the day, if we failed to apprise the public of the following :—During our last vacation, while visiting a large inland town in a sister State, it was our pleasure to learn of the recent organization of a Society which we hope may be accomplish much for the civilization of the world. The Society, composed exclusively of ladies, (in this respect we would suggest an improvement,) is called the *Metacarposian*, from the circumstance that the badge is worn upon the wrist. It is tied in a mysterious knot, which is partly covered with a beautiful pin. We were permitted to examine the badge, but as it was on the wrist at the time, our attention was necessarily divided between it and the wrist upon which it was worn, consequently we can not give a complete description of it. The object of the Society, which is at once novel and benevolent, should ensure for it the kind feelings of all. It is to supply the *Feejee Islanders* with

the "*Balm of a Thousand Flowers*," with the ostensible view of improving their complexion. We have noticed this Society for the special benefit of some of our Seminary brethren, who are looking forward to the land of missions, and who would doubtless find it to their interest, should they secure the co-operation of some of the members of the society in the field of their future labors. By doing so, we think they might effect a reformation much more complete.

We regret the circumstances which make it necessary to state the following : but though painful to know that one of our number should have been thus guilty, we feel that justness, and the character of our Magazine abroad, imperatively demand that a full exposure and acknowledgment be made, that our exchanges may know that we do not intend to palm off articles which are not our own. "Stewart's Doctrine of Conception," and the "Voices of the Winds," in the September number, 1856 ; "To Ellen," in the October number, (or November, as it is incorrectly marked,) and "Petrarch's Error," in the November number, are all copied, entire from "The Portico," a magazine published in Baltimore, in 1816. There are perhaps not a dozen words altered in the four articles. They were all published as original articles. We shall withhold the name of the person who committed this plagiarism, as we can see no good that will be accomplished by exposing him to the public. He left college immediately on being detected. The article, "Local Attachment," in the November number, is also copied. It is taken from the "Nassau Lit." of Nov., 1853. This is charged to the same contributor. The individual referred to, published several other articles, one of which it is known, is not entirely original ; but as we know no more about them, we shall not specify them at present. If found to be copied, acknowledgement will be made. We can blame no one for being duped by the four articles, because they were handed in by a person of "note," and were taken from a magazine that was printed long before we were born, and has now, we believe, ceased to exist. We can not explain to our friends abroad why the one from the "Nassau Lit." was not detected, without mentioning the person's name

H. P. Ross, of Pa. has been chosen Class Orator. His oration is to be delivered in May, when the Seniors leave.

Hon. W. C. Alexander, of Princeton, has been elected Annual Orator by the A. W. Society, being one of their graduates. His oration will be delivered on Tuesday preceding Commencement.

LITERARY NOTICES.

I.

SYLLABUS ON STATICS, by Stephen Alexander, LL.D., Professor of Mechanical Philosophy and Astronomy in the College of N. J.—We hail with pleasure every work, (we cannot say publication, as it is “printed, not published,”) from the pen of our distinguished Professor. From what we know of it, which by the way, is “never so little,” we believe it will be found a valuable acquisition to science. We are glad to see it for another reason, that is, it will save us an immense amount of labor in the way of “writing up.” This work is to be followed in a few days, we understand, by another, on Dynamics. In the words of a distinguished orator, “Let it come.”

II.

THE PRESIDENT'S INAUGURAL, by James Buchanan, LL.D. President of the United States.—It is published in all the papers in the land. We suppose it was written with a pen from the “Bird of brood and sweeping wing.” As it is just about what was expected on the occasion, and all seem pretty well satisfied, we shall say no more about it.

III.

The American Whig Society has just issued a new Catalogue, which with their neat roll bearing the motto of the Society, with which the backs are ornamented, and the beautiful plate of the Hall, presents a very fine appearance. It is to be regretted that their printers should have made so many blunders.

IV.

About two hundred Autograph books, by as many different authors. Considering this latter fact, the books are remarkable for their unity. The public, should they ever take the trouble to examine them, must conclude, from the testimonials, that we are about the best set of fellows the world has known since the year 1.

EXCHANGES.

We have received the “Beloit Monthly.” The article, “Thirty Days in Minnesota,” is a capital one. The writer presents us a picture of facts as they are. Among other things, he says he did not lack for means of life, as he

had corn cake for supper, some potatoes for breakfast, and a good appetite for dinner.

We have also received the "AMHERST COLLEGIATE." It certainly deserves a place among our best magazines. The burning of their North, which occurred January 19th, 1857, is noticed. The building caught fire from an open fire-place in one of the rooms, which is precisely the way in which our "North" was set on fire, on March 10th, 1855. As we have been schooled in a similar "furnace of affliction," we are prepared to sympathise with our Amherst friends. The "Yale Lit." as usual, is well filled. We are happy to add to the list of our exchanges, the "GEORGIA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE," and "YALE REVIEW." The aim of the latter is to criticise college literature, and college matters generally. The better to effect this purpose, the editors keep their names concealed. Success to them. In addition to these, we have the "MARICITTA COLLEGIATE," with the appearance of which we are much pleased; "Kenyon Collegian," "Erskine Recorder," and "Knoxiana."

The Editor for December desires us to say that his exchanges were received, though nearly all were too late for notice. Among them we saw the "WILLIAMS REVIEW," which appears to have no superior.

Reader, remember your obligations to our successors. "Of such as you have" time, articles and money, "give them." Without your co-operation in this respect, it is impossible for them to succeed. Irregularities will sometimes unavoidably occur,—bear them with patience. The idea of forsaking the "Lit" because of these manifests, we think, a woeful lack of liberality. Every one should remember, (though some are prone to forget it,) that ours is simply a College Magazine. As such, it should be supported. In its sphere, it forms an important part in the college course. The spirit with which some of our cotemporaries keep up their Magazines, is worthy of all commendation, and should provoke us to similar efforts. This has been attempted, and we think very successfully, during the present year. That the interest should now begin to flag, is what calls out these remarks. But we have done, with the greatest willingness we resign the chair.

EDITOR.

March 12th, 1857.

The Nassau Literary Magazine.

Is published by an Editorial Committee of the Senior Class of the College of New Jersey, every month during term time. Each number will contain forty-eight pages of original matter. Connected therewith, is a Prize of ten dollars, for the best original essay. None but subscribers are allowed to compete for this prize. The articles must have fictitious signatures, with the real name enclosed in a sealed envelope. The articles are submitted to a Committee selected from the Faculty, who decide on their respective merits.

No subscriptions will be received for less than one year.

All communications must be addressed (through the Post Office), post paid, to the Editors of the "Nassau Literary Magazine."

CONTENTS.

1. LITERARY REPRESENTATION.
2. A REMINISCENCE.
3. MODERN IDEALISM.
4. LIFE.
5. TE DEUM
6. IDEM HYMNUS ANGLICE REDDITUS.
7. FATHER MATTHEW.
8. MULTUM IN PARVO.
9. THE THREE PARKS.
10. TIME.
11. STUDY AND THOUGHT.
12. PRINCETON COLLEGE.
13. CENTENNIAL ODE.
14. EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORS.

FEBRUARY	J. B. KUGLER, N. J.
MARCH	C. H. LUZENBERG, Ia.
APRIL	C. C. KIBBEE, N. J.
MAY	E. R. GALE, Tenn.

1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
31
32
33
34
35
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73
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75
76
77
78
79
80
81
82
83
84
85
86
87
88
89
90
91
92
93
94
95
96
97
98
99
100